

JERU THE DAMAJA – LOGICAL LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

i shine the father's light to liberate poor blacks
some people lying to themselves, i deal in actual facts
press too hard and you will get smacked, this is more than just talk
i procede to produce beats, knock your tooth loose
seeing is believing, dog, here's the proof
i chef this up in the lab and a makeshift sample
back up against the wall, and still fighting
when i thought it was no rhymes left to write, i kept writing
saw my brothers in south africa, they were inspiring
and if at first you don't succede, then keep trying
world tours, keep me counting my blessings
snakes in my circ-mference, help me learn from life lessons
had to -n-lyze the wire, just his greatest question
and even when you think a brother's down, i'm steadily pressing
keep banging out those studio session
and when they think they know my next move, i keep 'em quessing
it's only logical

-logical- – scratched up

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]

explosive verses blow ya mind like a terrorist
bust a verbal shot in the crowd, the pro activist
used to smoke that ganja but it left me listless
this is off the subject, but rhyme too hard, you just might break ya neck
don't know what's popping, dog, i'm still in effect
and the moves that i make, help me finance my own project
the road gets rough but i'm still climbing
and, even on the cloudiest days, i'm still shining
like coal one day he can become a precious diamond
the pressures of the world, refine the souls of some men
others let they being, become filled with hate
and they take it to the grave of the pen, my ball point right
trying to decipher the lies from the truth
everybody claim they got the proof
everybody claim they got the juice
everybody know the formula, but if you follow
will you win or lose? it's only logical

-logical- – scratched up

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]

the jewels i drop hit like dope in ya fiends
although it's dope, it's not the dope you smoke like crack cocaine
still my product can drive you insane
and on that same note, i flip the mic like drugs
the game's like fiends that cutthroat
knowledge wisdom understanding is the gun that i tote
when the waters get stormy i'm sure to stay afloat
is this brother for real, the answer is true indeed
i move a mountain with a mustard seed
you do the research, smack a sucka with the truth
because we know the truth hurts
and you can talk all you want, but you judge by ya words
not exploiting no freaks, but i'm constantly pimping
the system, making a k!lling like o.j. simpson
all that gangsta talking rap to me is quite comical
real recognize real, dog, it's only logical